THE Shepherd's GARLAND:

Compos'd of

Four New SONGS.

Song I. The Happy Shepherd.
Song II. A South Sea Ballad: or, Merry Remarks upon Exchange-Alley Bubbles.
Song III. The Highland Miss's Lamentation.
Song IV. Teagues Complaint againſt the Bubiers.

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THE
Shepherd's Garland, &c.

The Happy Shepherd.

BRight *Phebus* so fair that appear'd in the Air,
and began for to mount in the sky,
Taradoom then his flocks did unpen,
that all Night in the cold air did lie.
But as he told the sheep from the fold,
there was a lamb which was gone astray,
'Twas one of the best which was kept for the Feast
to be spent upon a Taradooms day.
Taradoom was cross for the Lamb which he had lo
which so long he had kept in store,
But at the last his fury being past
he whistled for his cur;
Come cur, said he, will you wander with me,
for the lamb which is gone astray,
'Tis one of the best which was kept for the feast,
to be, &c.
But as he trampled over the plain,
for to take the reviving air,
Just as he sat his foot upon the green,
there he met with a damsel so fair,
All in her Eyes her beauty he spies,
for she was a curious maid.
The Lamb he forsook with a smiling look,
and unto her these words he said,

Fair creature of love why doſt thou approve
for to walk all alone in this place ;
Cupid does ſtand with his bovv in his hand,
and has vvounded me by thy fair face,
O vvhat ſhall I do, I never cou'd vvooe,
'tis your Love that I do implore,
If thou doſt diſdain, thou killeſt a ſyvain,
take pity of my Life therefore,
O ſvvain, ſays ſhe, doſt think thou ſhalt have me,
like the havvk that ſeeks after his bbovv,
I hold it in ſcorn any ſhepherd vvith his horn,
ſhould butt at my body ſo lovv,
Therefore I ſay, begone from me I pray,
'tis not you can content me alone,
Thou haſt more skill to hoot on a hill
in the dark and the davvning of the morn.
O Nymph ſaid he, doſt think that ſhepherds be
only fit for to hoot on a hill,
I prithee novv try, and then i'm ſure you'll ſay,
that you better do knovv my skill,
To tell her doom I dare not preſume,
for fear that I ſhould offend ;
As I do ſuppoſe he rumpled her Clothes,
and ſhe to the ſame too did yield.
But as they ſat them dovvn upon the green,
they laugh'd till their ſides did ake,
To ſee the Dog run round, as they lay upon the ground
peruſing vvhat ſport they did make.
This ſimple cur at his maſter did ſnarle,
and for anger cry'd bovv . vvovv vvovv,
But the Damſel crope unto the Shepherd's Pouch ;
and a cruſt to the Dog ſhe did throvv.
Thus having brib'd bovv vvovv to lie ſtill
ſhe crope to the Shepherd again ;
And there on the Plain this fair maid vvas ſlain,
but he ſetch'd her to Life again ;

And when she reviv'd 'twas then that she cry'd,
gentle shepherd you have me won;
I knew you had skill for to boot on bib,
but thought that in maidens you had none.

The South Sea Ballad. Tune of, The Grand Elixir: or, The Philosopher's Stone discover'd.

IN London stands a famous pile,
and near that pile an alley,
Where merry crowds for riches toil,
and wisdom stoops to folly;
Here sad and joyful high and low,
court Fortune for her Graces,
And as she smiles or frowns they show
their Gestures and Grimaces.
Here stars and garters do appear,
among our lords the rabble;
To buy and sell to see and hear
the Jews and Gentiles squabble,
Here crafty courtiers are too wise
for those who trust to fortune,
They see the cheat with clear eyes,
who peep behind the Curtain.
Our greatest Ladies hither come,
and ply in chariots daily,
Oft pawn their jewels for a sum
to venture't in the alley.
Young harlots too from Drury-lane,
approach the Change with Coaches,
To fool away the gold they gain
by their obscene Debauches.
Long heads may thrive by sober Rules,
because they think and drink not;
But headlongs are our driving fools,
who only drink and think not:

The lucky rogues like ſpaniel Dogs,
leap into South Sea Water,
And there they fiſh for golden frogs,
no caring what comes after.
'Tis ſaid that Alchimiſts of old,
could turn a brazen kettle;
Or leaden ciſtern into gold,
that noble tempting mettle;
But if it here may be allow'd
to bring in great with ſmall things,
Our cunning South Sea, like a God,
turns nothing into all things.
What need have we of Indian wealth,
or commerce with our Neighbours,
Our conſtitution is in Health,
and riches crown our Labours,
Our South Sea Ships have golden Shrouds,
they bring us wealth, 'tis granted,
But lodge their treaſure in the Clouds,
to hide it till its wanted.
O Britain! bleſs thy preſent ſtate,
thou only happy Nation,
So odly Rich, ſo madly great,
ſince bubbles came in faſhion;
Succeſsful rakes exert their pride,
and count their airy Millions,
Whilſt homely drrbs in Coaches ride,
brought up to Town on Pillons.
Few men, who follow reaſon's Rules,
grow Fat with *South-Sea* diet;
Young rattles and unthinking fools,
are thoſe that flouriſh by it.
Old muſty jades, and paſhing blades,
who've leaſt Conſideration,
Grow rich apace, whilſt wiſer heads
are ſtruck with admiration,

A race of men who t'other day
lay crush'd beneath disasters,
Are now by stock brought into play,
and made our lords and masters:
But should our South Sea Babel fall,
what numbers would be frowning,
The losers then must ease their gall
by hanging or by drowning.
Five hundred millions, notes and bonds
our Stocks are worth in value,
But neither lye in goods or lands,
or money let me tell ye.
Yet tho' our foreign trade is lost,
of mighty wealth we vapour,
Wheo all the Riches that we boast,
consist in scraps of paper.

The Highland *Miss's Lamentation.* To a new Tune.

I Crossed *Frith*, I crossed *Tay*,
I left *Dundee* and *Edenborough*,
And there I saw nothing worth my stay;
and so I bid them all Good-morrow:
O my bonny bonny Highland Lade,
O my bonny, bonny Highland Lade;
When I am sick and like to dye,
H'll Row me in his Highland Plade.
On *Cairn-a-munt*, there I spyed,
a careless Dress, and a Highland Lade;
Who briskly said, Were thou my Bride,
I would Row thee in my Highland Plade:
O my bonny, bonny, &c.
No Butter-box he seemed to be;
no English Fop nor Lowland Lade,
But by his Mein he was well known

to be a gentle Highland Lade:
O *my bonny, bonny*, &c.
His Quiver hung down by his Thigh,
he's mine to show his Bow was ready:
And a thousand Darts flew from his Eyes,
and all fell down before his Lady:
O *my bonny, bonny*, &c.
His silken Rooms and peirl-laid Beds,
and laced Sheets fit for a Lady:
But he can do't as want only,
in tearton Trues and belted Plade:
O *my bonny, bonny*, &c.
But when he came to *Stirling* Town,
he promised to make me Lady;
But all the Portion that I got,
was his tearton Trues and belted Plade
O *my bonny, bonny, Highland Lade*,
O *my bonny, bonny Highland Lade*;
When I am Sick and like to Dye,
He'll Row me in his Highland Plade.

Teagues Complaint of Bublers, To a new Tune.

BE my Shoul my dear Joy, I have something to *tell*,
Pox of these bites, I do wish them in *Hell*:
They have got all my Money & plunder'd my Store,
Poor Teague's not a Six-pence to purchase a Whore
I come out of Dublin just after before
South sea was in Fashion, I with many more,
Resolved for to venture some Riches to get,
If I am not mistaken, poor Teague he is bit.
A thousand good Pounds I put into their Hands,
For which I have sold all my Houses and Lands:
They told me in short time I should be a King,
By my Shoul 'tis a bite for to couzen poor Men.
Oh Honey, my Joy, 'tis a terrible Case,
I lost *all* my Money, and in a strange Place;

I'll go to the King, and tell him my Croſs,
And ſee what *he'll* give me to make up my Loſs.
But when *I* come there, they did puſh me about
And told me his ------ he was gone out:
I told them my Errant, and laught at my Grief,
And bid me to ſtay, and *I* ſhould have Relief.
I went e'ry Day for a Week, Sir, or more,
Then ſaw the King after a coming before;
On Horſe-back with two or three fine Men more,
All in a fine Coach rid in at the Back-Door.
They held up their Heads, and look'd *full* as big,
As Joan when ſhe dances the Iriſh Jigg,
I believe by my Shoul 'twas the Money *I* loſt,
That bought them *their Coats that ſo richly are wrought*
I held by his Coat, ſaying, Good Mr.----
Make theſe Rogues for to give me my Mony again!
A parcel of Fellows with Caps flat and round,
They inſtantly knocked me down to the Ground.
I got up and run, while *I* bleeding did lye,
By my Shoul, Sir, if this be your Tricks *I* did cry:
You are *all* Bites, Sir, *I* plainly do ſee,
So *I'll* bite you *all*, Sir, as you have bit me.
I'll to Couſin---- to get ſome more Chink,
To buy me ſome Victuals, and get me ſome drink:
I'll tell him the trick which with *Teague they did play*
I make no great doubt but my Scores he will pay.
Knight's Deeds they are dark, and the burden do's bear
But *I* fear his Neighbours had with him a ſhare:
Forgive me my Friends, if *I* make a Miſtake,
For Teague's not a Fool, it is all in his Face.

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